Harvey Whitefield Scott

PACIFIC
Theological Seminary

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Service in memory of

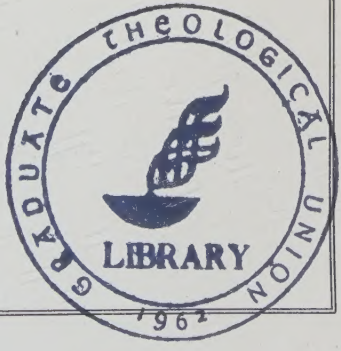
Harvey Whitefield Scott

under the auspices of
Pacific University

Thursday, September twenty-nine
nineteen hundred and ten

Marsh Hall

Forest Grove, Oregon



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PRINTED AT THE IVY PRESS
MANN & STEWART CO
68 FOURTH STREET
PORTLAND
OREGON

Programme

Funeral March
March Trio — Chopin
Professor Frank T. Chapman

Invocation
Rev. C. E. Cline, D. D.

Introductory
President W. N. Ferrin

Minutes of Trustees of Pacific University
Milton W. Smith, Esq.

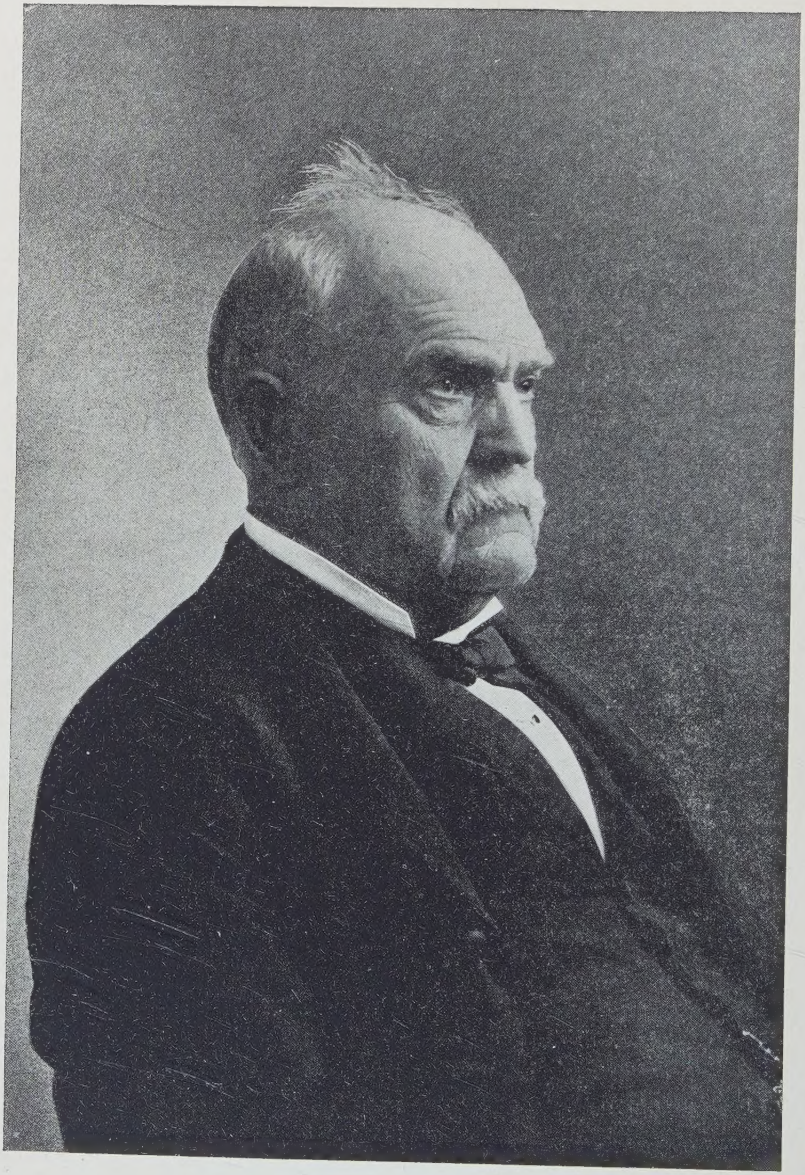
Reading Extracts from Letters of Regret
Principal H. L. Bates

Character Addresses
Hon. C. E. Wolverton
Mr. Edgar B. Piper
Ex-Governor T. T. Geer
Rev. T. L. Eliot, D. D.

Address
Hon. William D. Fenton

Vocal Solo
God's Promise — Abt
Mrs. Pauline Miller-Chapman

Benediction
Rev. T. L. Eliot, D. D.



Harvey Whitefield Scott

AT A called meeting of the Trustees of Pacific University, held August 12, it was decided that an appropriate memorial service in honor of Mr. Scott should be held at the University on a convenient date after the opening of the college year. This service took place on Thursday, September 29, 1910.

In response to the invitation of the Trustees and Faculty a large congregation, composed of friends of Mr. Scott, including the members of his immediate family, and prominent citizens of the Northwest, was assembled in Marsh Hall, together with residents of Forest Grove and the students of the University.

President Ferrin presided, and with him were seated upon the platform Rev. T. L. Eliot, D. D., Ex-Governor T. T. Geer, Mr. Henry L. Pittock, Mr. Edgar B. Piper, Hon. Chas. E. Wolverton, Mr. Milton W. Smith, Hon. W. D. Fenton, Rev. C. E. Cline, D. D., and Professor Joseph W. Marsh. In the audience were many pioneers, gray-haired men and women who came to show their respect and do honor to the memory of one who, himself a pioneer, had always held the pioneers of Oregon in highest respect, and was counted by each a personal friend.

The exercises were opened with Chopin's funeral march, appropriately rendered with much feeling by Professor Frank T. Chapman, of Pacific Conservatory. Following this Rev. C. E. Cline was introduced and pronounced the invocation as follows:

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father. We love life; we love this world, its days and nights, its fruits and flowers. We love our homes, our children, and the many things of beauty. And yet we are withal constrained to thank Thee for death, inevitable, because beneficent. We see in it an ordinance of Nature, an indispensable part of this organic world—a provision of an all-wise Providence.

Mercifully hast Thou ordained that when the force of manhood is spent, death removes the frame, no longer serviceable, to the laboratory where Nature turns all wornout material into new uses, and new beauty. But for this the tiresome drama would drag on after all meaning is exhausted. We thank Thee that infirmity is

not to continue here indefinitely—a burden to itself and a hindrance to others. Graciously dost Thou clear the way for the young and new generations. Therefore, O God, we accept this law of death as the law of progress, demanded alike by earth and heaven. And yet we recognize that life is often an unfinished thing. Much work is brought to an end before it is seemingly complete.

This we believe calls for another place where activity shall be continued. As men and women we have longings for things more commensurate. We crave much that is higher than we can reach. We dream of another place, and gaze into the beyond, desiring something generous, more satisfying. We, therefore, rejoice that when we seem to go down into death we but really pass up into fuller life. And now, O God, we thank Thee for the life of the man in whose memory we are here assembled. We thank Thee for the mother who gave him birth, endowing him with massive body and robust constitution. We thank Thee for his industry when a youth on his father's farm, for his diligence in study in this pioneer school. We thank Thee for his splendid ambition, his brave personality, his high ideals. We thank Thee for his rugged work as an editor, for his power to mould public sentiment on paramount issues; for the simplicity of character which made and held to him the friendships of good men. We thank Thee for his gentleness of spirit, for his kindness of heart and devotion to duty.

Be mindful, O Lord, of his widow, his children and all who were dear to him by ties of blood and affection. Care for this large number of his life-long friends, here and elsewhere, with Thy graciousness favor. Our Father and his Father: Our hearts were broken as we bade farewell to him who was long our rugged leader and beloved brother. Mother earth now lovingly holds his body so long accustomed to strenuous toil, but Thou hast taken to Thyself his sympathetic spirit. We loved him because he was strong and gentle. Be pleased, O God, to grant us all for which we have prayed, in Jesus' name. Amen.

Harvey Whitefield Scott

President Ferrin made the introductory address as follows:

In the City of Baltimore, on Sunday afternoon, August 7, 1910, Harvey Whitefield Scott passed away. As the word was flashed back to his family and the friends in his home town it was received with surprised grief and consternation. Few had known of the serious nature of his illness, and to those few there was the confidence that his naturally rugged constitution would carry him safely through the crisis which was upon him. The sad news was carried into the Northwest and to all parts of our country, and almost immediately, that night and the next morning and throughout the day, messages came pouring in from every quarter bringing their tribute of honor, respect and love. Instantly and everywhere there was recognition that a great man was gone, one among the half dozen, and he not the least, who had been recognized as the great editors of our country. We who live in this section where Mr. Scott's active life was spent knew full well that no other man who ever lived here had contributed so much to the development of the Northwest, or had had so large a part in determining the character of its growth; and everywhere where newspapers are read or quoted it was felt that another, and almost the last of the men whose virile writings had dominated the editorial page of a great daily newspaper had been taken away. It is well within the limits of fact to say that the death of no citizen of the Northwest has attracted so wide attention and been received with so keen a sense of national loss, with possibly a single exception, as has that of Mr. Scott; and this possible exception, if it be such, I need not say, is the Honorable George H. Williams, whose death occurred only a few months ago. And those two men, each in his own sphere, worked together earnestly for the upbuilding of the Pacific Northwest, and gave to it a recognition at the hands of the nation.

A picture hangs on the wall of the editorial office of the Oregonian showing Judge Williams and Mr. Scott standing together, each with the pose that all who knew them recognize as natural as life. I hope that we may be able to secure a copy of that picture to place in this room: Mr. Scott, alumnus and trustee, and Judge Williams, whom the college honored and at the same time honored

itself by conferring upon him the degree of doctor of laws a few years ago.

It is hard to believe that we shall not see Mr. Scott's familiar figure again upon the streets of Portland, or at his desk by the window in his office overlooking the city and the river and the mountains that he loved so well.

If I may be permitted a personal word, I would bring my tribute to the memory of the man whose friendship I learned to value as that of few others whom it has been my privilege to know. As a trustee of the college, and for several years until his death, president of the board, I came to know his keen interest in the welfare of his *Alma Mater*. Very naturally and necessarily I had occasion frequently to consult him about the affairs of the college. He was always interested, and ready to give of his time and attention. He was a busy man, however, and his mind was occupied with large matters. Any man who called upon him during the busy hours of the day needed to be short and explicit in stating his business. Early in June last while he was at Hot Lake, where he was taken for treatment, I was almost surprised to receive a letter from him expressing regret that he would not be able to attend the annual meeting of trustees which came within a few days, and indicating that there were some plans which he had in mind and wished to lay before them for the college. Mr. Scott gave generously of his means as well as of his time to advance its interests. It is rather pleasant now to recall that a little over a year ago he offered to contribute to the fund for the new gymnasium a sum of money of which I was willing to accept only the half. Without claiming any undue credit for the work which he did, Pacific University is honored in his life. It is altogether fitting that there should be appropriate services in memory of such a man, and it seemed to us that his *Alma Mater* might with propriety ask men who knew him well and were in a sense his associates to bring to us their tributes to his life and work. And we have invited you here this afternoon, my friends, that together we may listen to these tributes, and unite in thus honoring the memory of a great man.

We mourn a man who was the strongest friend this institution had. Not since the death of its first president, the honored Rev.

Sidney H. Marsh, has Pacific University suffered so great a personal loss as in the death of Mr. Scott.

Mr. Milton W. Smith read the following minute on the death of Mr. Scott adopted by the Trustees of Pacific University:

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of Pacific University held in the City of Portland on the 12th day of August, 1910, a committee of three was appointed to prepare a suitable minute on the death of the president of the board, Mr. Harvey W. Scott, to be adopted and spread upon the records of the board. The committee makes the following report:

W. N. Ferrin, L. R. Dyott and Milton W. Smith having been appointed by the Board of Trustees to prepare some suitable minute on the death of our honored and respected member and president, Harvey W. Scott, beg leave to submit the following:

Mr. Scott was the first graduate of Pacific University. No institution of learning could hope or desire to begin its existence, as far as finished work is concerned, with a nobler example of modesty, industry and work well done, than has Pacific University in the person of Harvey W. Scott.

Harvey W. Scott was born in Illinois on the first of February, 1838, and died in the City of Baltimore on August 7, 1910, in his 73d year. Mr. Scott came to Oregon in 1852, and endured the hardships of a pioneer both in physical and educational life. Both were gotten only by the severest toil and greatest industry. His early life was spent in various pursuits and in various places in the surrounding country.

Of his wonderful mind and the great development thereof, Pacific University especially has reason to be proud. He came to us in 1859 and was graduated with the degree of A. B. in 1863. He went out from us as a boy, and grew a giant in stature and mind, as grew the giant firs which clad the mountain sides in the state he loved so well. As the guiding mind of a great newspaper, his influence for good citizenship, for right living, and broad and sensible education spread not only over Oregon and the entire Northwest, but over the whole nation.

He has ever been a benefactor and wise counselor of the University. He became a trustee in 1901, and for four years has been the president of the board. We honor him as a member of our college family, we honor him as our president, we honor him as a citizen of the state and nation, and lastly we honor him as a great and good man.

Numerous letters of regret had been received from persons unable to attend the service, and extracts from a few of these were read by Principal H. L. Bates. Among these writers were:

Hon. T. A. McBride, Justice Supreme Court of Oregon.

Hon. W. C. Hawley, member of Congress from the first district of Oregon.

President P. L. Campbell, University of Oregon.

President E. A. Bryan, Washington State College.

President Luella Clay Carson, Mills College, Cal.

President Clyde A. Duniway, University of Montana.

Mr. Geo. H. Himes, Portland.

Hon. Stephen A. Lowell, Pendleton, Ore.

Professor J. B. Horner, Oregon Agricultural College.

President Fletcher Homan, Willamette University.

President H. M. Crooks, Albany College.

Mr. Frank M. Warren, Portland.

Mr. J. Q. A. Bowlby, Astoria.

Superintendent Edwin L. Chalcraft, Chemawa Indian Training School.

Professor Louis F. Anderson, Whitman College.

Mr. T. C. Elliott, Walla, Walla, Wash.

Mr. W. M. Whidden, Portland.

Mr. P. A. Marquam, Portland.

Rev. W. S. Holt, Portland.

Harvey Whitefield Scott

A tribute from the Native Sons of Oregon prepared by a committee appointed for the purpose was presented by Hon. J. D. Lee. It was as follows:

Into the mysterious realm of the invisible there passed on the 7th day of August, 1910, a human spirit of marvelous power and attainments. A truly useful and remarkable career was closed.

To his friends and the public this man of genius was known as Harvey Whitefield Scott, but in the domain of letters he was Hermes and Nestor combined. Like imperial Jove he could, at will, shoot sharp arrows of flaming invective or hurl at his enemies his thunderbolts of denunciation. But mainly he was an instructor. Decade after decade he taught the people universal knowledge; tens of thousands were his daily students. His precious storehouse seemed not depleted in the least, although he was constantly drawing therefrom gems of thought and ingots of wisdom.

A frontier youth and trained only in home schools, which can hardly be excelled, he became a past master in literature and the high priest of learning. Shall we call him the Thurlow Weed of the West? No! Rather the seer of the Pacific.

Towering above ordinary men physically, he thought and wrought on a plane far above them.

In pursuance of high endeavor, he scourged with iron hand that which was base, untrue and hypocritical. How shall we reckon the worth of a truly great man? Not by his ability to gather gold nor his power to secure position, but by the distinguished services that he rendered the people by disseminating truth and raising higher the ideals of true greatness. This our departed countryman has done, his opportunities were great, and nobly did he use them. Possessing, naturally, great mental fertility and wonderful comprehension, he increased their effectiveness by careful training and diligent exercise.

To a deeply religious nature he added a sturdy morality. These begat in him a courage to sternly rebuke the wrong and boldly defend the right.

It was surprising the wide range of subjects which he contemplated and of which he gave to the world, in such luminous man-

ner, the benefit of his study. The most deeply learned listened eagerly, and rulers were swayed by his words. He was a builder. Few, if any, exerted a greater transforming power in the upbuilding of this Western land than did he through the agency of the press, and perhaps his greatest regret was that he could not see its great destiny more fully wrought out.

It was in the month of the golden harvest that as a ripe sheaf he was garnered. His faculties were unimpaired. His family and friends were spared the mortification sometimes attending the declining years of the once strong and capable as pathetically alluded to in the closing of Longfellow's "Aftermath."

The funeral obsequies were befitting the man and the occasion. Fraternal and civic organizations, with numerous citizens, followed in solemn pageant the remains to their last resting place.

The Native Sons of Oregon recognizing in Mr. Scott a courageous defender of the frontier, a true and sturdy friend of their pioneer fathers and mothers, and a genuine helper and wise counselor of all, for almost two generations, desire to contribute one humble leaflet to the garland of his fame and to express to his dear ones our sincere sympathy and condolence in their great bereavement.

Friend, instructor, statesman, philosopher—farewell.

Sol. Blumauer,
John M. Gearin,
B. B. Beekman,
J. D. Lee,
H. C. Wortman,
J. P. Kavanaugh,
Committee.

The first of the "character addresses" was delivered by Hon. Chas. E. Wolverton, of the United States District Court, and a Trustee of Pacific University. It treated of Mr. Scott's connection with the college as student, alumnus and trustee.

It was appropriate that Harvey Whitefield Scott should have been a member of the Board of Trustees of the Tualatin Academy and Pacific University, and it was equally appropriate that he

should have been president of the board, for, of the many bright and successful men and women who have gone forth from that institution he was the most illustrious. He was elected a member of the board in 1901, and became president thereof in 1905, and so continued up to the time of his death. Having borne such relation to the board, it is highly proper that the board as a body pay tribute to his memory on this occasion. I speak to you now in that behalf.

Mr. Scott was the first graduate from the university, having taken his degree in 1863, and he was the only member of the class. He entered as a student first in 1856, but was compelled to leave in order to find work. He returned in the fall of 1859, completing his course four years later. Thus he became the first fruit of a pioneer institution, and the institution, while it has grown and prospered, and has vastly added to its facilities for teaching and instruction, has been highly honored by the life, character and success of its student.

In adaptation of the cardinal purpose of a college course to teach the student how to apply his mind, Mr. Scott, along with the studies of the curriculum which he mastered, learned how to study, and this was the auspicious beginning of his after work. His peculiar advantage at college, no doubt, was that he came in personal and close contact with the president of the institution, Dr. Sidney Harper Marsh, one of the foremost educators the country has produced, and must have received a touch of his personality, energy and strength of purpose. Henceforward he was a student, and so continued all his life. He studied the languages as if he were yet at college. He sought out the classics and mastered them. He read voraciously, and sought and acquired information from every source at his command. Having a retentive memory, his mind became a storehouse of learning, and from this he was able to draw copiously for application and use as his life's work went along.

Within the short time allotted to me I can speak only briefly of the story of his life. He embarked in life as a writer and editor, and the success that attended his efforts is familiar to all. He wrote from deep conviction, and illumined every subject he touched by his research and learning, and was thus enabled to impress his

views upon his readers. Many people read his words and were satisfied without appeal from his judgment, being thenceforth equipped with argument and authority. And so it was he wrought with great power upon his constituency.

I remember to have called upon him just after the McKinley campaign, congratulating him upon his success in his appeals for a sound national standard of finance. He was pleased and said to me that he had been writing upon the subject for a long time, but that it was only within and near the campaign that he could get readers, and he felt, with some pride, that he had been influential in his efforts. And indeed he had been, for his articles were read everywhere in the United States, and were currently characterized as among the most able productions upon the subject. This is only illustrative, for his writings upon many subjects of interest and importance were widely copied and read. Although a product of the extreme West and of pioneer times, he ranked with the great editors and writers of his time engaged in the newspaper field, among whom I may mention Horace Greeley, Charles A. Dana, Murat Halstead and Henry Watterson; and, like them, he has left his impress upon the country.

To show the zeal, assiduity and devotion with which he pursued the work of his calling, I quote a few sentences uttered by him in speaking of this institution and of its progress and establishment, on the occasion of its fifteenth anniversary, as follows:

"It has been as difficult, however, let me say, by way of illustration, to carry on this work as it has been in another field of labor that I may mention because I am acquainted with it particularly, to make a newspaper in a community so widely dispersed and so small in population as this. But this work, and every other work in the country, has gone forward, and the success of this work and of the others has been largely due to the self-sacrificing devotion of those who have pursued those objects. There has been no respite, no pastime, no holiday work in the business; it has all been earnest, energetic labor."

Mr. Scott's entire life has been intimately allied with Oregon and the Northwest. He has written much of the resources, of the progress and advancement, and of the possibilities of the country,

and he has given freely of his knowledge and wisdom to his constituency. He possessed a most intimate and thorough knowledge of the history of the Northwest, and could he have written his story of the events and men of the times it would have been a most valuable and authoritative contribution to the literature of the age. He has written largely upon public and economic questions, and, while some may differ with him, none can doubt the sincerity and strength of his utterances. Withal, he has been a constant source of education and enlightenment to the people, and they have imbibed freely of his philosophy and thought. Thus he has given cast and embodiment to the laws and institutions of the country. His has been for a generation in this community the one prominent and pronounced active figure in public life, and no other since the days of Dr. John McLoughlin has been so much entitled to have his name engraved upon the tablets of fame in the great Northwest. His life and his character, his success and his genius, may well be a continuous and abiding inspiration to all who enter this or any other institution in the pursuit of learning and knowledge, and who afterwards seek to improve their minds for serious application in the affairs of life.

The address of Mr. Edgar B. Piper, managing editor of the Oregonian, spoke of Mr. Scott as an associate and a man.

I am expected to say something of Mr. Scott as I saw and knew him through close association of about 16 years. I shall offer no eulogy, for it would be needless and superfluous, but I shall state briefly and in the simplest terms something of my own observations of his life, work, manners and methods. My contribution will have, therefore, at least the value of personal testimony.

Of course I had always heard of Mr. Scott as the editor of the Oregonian. My first reading of any daily paper was the Oregonian. As a small boy I had been an apprentice on a country newspaper at Albany, and I very early imbibed the general atmosphere and interesting gossip of active journalism. The Oregonian was then a folio of four pages, but its editorial page was the same brilliant production of Mr. Scott's mind and genius that it continued to be through many years. Later, at Salem, when I was a compositor

there, during a session of the Legislature, I heard that Mr. Scott was in the capitol building. It was during a historic Senatorial campaign. I dropped my stick, left the printing office and went to the state capitol for the purpose of getting a personal look at the great editor. I could not find him nor could I find any one who had seen him. I never knew, because it never occurred to me afterwards to ask, whether he was there that day, but I do know that my own sense of disappointment was keen and poignant.

Later, about 1888, I was a reporter at Salem and I was also the Salem correspondent for the Oregonian. There was to be a hanging. To me it seemed a great newspaper sensation. I did not feel capable of reporting so important an event for a metropolitan newspaper and I made a special trip to Portland to ask the Oregonian to send out a staff man. I then, for the first time, saw Mr. Scott. He was exactly 50 years of age, in the prime of a robust manhood, the maturity of his magnificent intellectual powers and the enjoyment of a wide and growing reputation as a forceful and influential journalist. He did not manifest the deep concern about the Oregonian news report of the poor murderer's execution which I had expected, and to my astonishment and great delight he said that the Oregonian would be pleased to have me represent it on that momentous occasion, which I did. So far as I know there was no dissatisfaction either with the event or my report.

Mr. Scott's appearance was a surprise to me, though it was also a satisfaction. I think I had expected to find a man looking like Horace Greeley. He did not. He looked like the pictures of Bismarck, then and always, to me. I do not know that he had any of the mannerisms, habits, characteristics or mental attitudes of Bismarck, for he was neither stern, unyielding, uncompromising, vindictive or abusive. But he was strong, rugged, straightforward, open, candid and blunt, and intolerant only of the opinions of those he thought ought to know better. I am not speaking now of Mr. Scott's amazing knowledge of history, literature, theology and of all things, or his broad and comprehensive grasp of affairs, or of his profound judgment of politics, of men and of events. I am only attempting to give a snapshot impression of the daily manifestation of his mental habits and methods and of his moral and intellectual outlook.

I went to work on the general staff of the Oregonian in 1894, and, with the exception of two years since that time, I saw Mr. Scott daily. I had always respected and admired him and I learned to trust, to love and to venerate him. He was an industrious man. He kept in close touch with the daily work of the staff. He read the paper carefully, but he criticised sparingly. He rarely suggested details, but he constantly impressed on his associates and subordinates, either by example or by outright direction, the general policies to be followed and the broad outlines of the service he expected and required. It was my frequent experience with him to have him remark, "The Oregonian today was a good paper," or, "We didn't do much today," or "We should do better tomorrow than we did today," or "If we do as well tomorrow as we did today we ought to be satisfied." You will observe he never said "You didn't get out a good newspaper today." He said "we." He found specific fault almost never. Criticism to him by outsiders of the work of the Oregonian done by his associates and fellow workers was instantly resented unless, indeed, it was on its face justifiable. He believed in the Oregonian and he believed in the work being done on the Oregonian. He believed in the men who were doing it, and these men believed in him. They relied absolutely upon his unfailing sense of justice and his certain good feeling toward them. I am afraid, indeed, that some of us sometimes took advantage of our knowledge of Mr. Scott's good will and did some things occasionally that a more exacting task master would have made trouble about. Yet I am also sure that his methods were wisest and best, for there were an *esprit de corps* and a harmony and unity of action and a mutual understanding and co-operation throughout the news and editorial departments that were directly the product of the great mind, great spirit and greater personality at the head of the paper.

I was never conscious of the fact that Mr. Scott was growing old for, indeed, it seemed to me he was not. He was 72 years old and over when he died. Yet to me there was no perceptible decay of physical strength and no decline or tarnishment of mental vigor. Of his mind I am sure. As to his body, very likely I am mistaken. Ordinarily old men don't like new things. The things they learned

long ago are sufficient, but with Mr. Scott there was from first to last the same eager search for knowledge, the same unsatisfied thirst for information and the same willingness to be instructed by the illustrations of current events, by the lessons of periodical history or by the examples of past experience. O course, he respected the past and understood immutable truth because he knew more than most men know. Indeed, he interpreted the present through and from the past. But he could and did understand the new problems as well as anybody, and he perceived the folly and the mistakes of some of the modern tendencies better than almost anybody does.

I have been asked occasionally what in my judgment was Mr. Scott's most important work. A sufficient reply is that it is the editorial page of the Oregonian. In the early days journalism was very largely personal. In the fierce contentions of long-ago Oregon events and politics and in all the moral, social and religious problems of striving days he took a conspicuous part. Later the tone and spirit of newspaper work were very largely modified, and there was discussion of policies, methods and measures rather than of persons and of parties. Of this second period I have personal knowledge.

The best-remembered work, of course, of Mr. Scott is the mighty task he undertook in the early '90s for the guidance and instruction of his readers as to the vital policy of sound money. It was a tremendous labor and an equally tremendous duty. The Oregonian shouldered almost alone the burden of making a fight on free silver. His course, taken and maintained through unprecedented difficulties, has been vindicated by time. Everyone says now that the Oregonian was right and that Mr. Scott knew more and did more than almost all others in that memorable campaign.

Mr. Scott worked with his pencil continuously until the latter part of last spring. Even while confined to his room he followed carefully the day's news and noted the drift of current opinion and he contributed even then some matter to the Oregonian. All of it was under his personal eye and direction. Much of it was written at his definite suggestion. That indomitable will surrendered only when the sands of life had run low in the glass. In the Oregonian office still there is today the inspiration, the atmos-

phere, the tradition and the memory of the noble life and fruitful example of Mr. Scott. They will not be ignored. They cannot be forgotten.

Ex-Governor T. T. Geer was the next speaker. His address treated of Mr. Scott's career as a man in public life. Governor Geer said:

At the close of Mr. Scott's life it could have been truly said that he had filled a larger place in the history of the State of Oregon than had any other man—and this is in itself a wonderful tribute when it is remembered that Oregon has had its full share of men who have won their way to an eminent place in the annals of the nation. But Mr. Scott's life-work was in an entirely different channel from that of his contemporaries, and comparisons of relative merit or intellectual power are, therefore, impossible. It has been well said by some one that he graduated from this institution in a class by himself and remained in that class during his entire career.

In approaching the duty of saying a few words as to Mr. Scott's work and of his characteristics, temperamentally, I find myself confronted by the impression that he was a man most difficult to analyze, though this is made much easier when it is accompanied by the reflection that his work was of such nature that it in large measure prevented his association with his fellows. The performance of the stupendous ends he accomplished week in and week out not only for a decade, but for nearly fifty years, never permitted any loitering or other waste of time. And beyond this was the necessary preparation which supplied the foundation for the intellectual battles he waged all this time in a manner which, whatever else may have been said by his adversaries, never failed for want of dynamic force nor revealed any lack of familiarity with the essential facts. And this concession was always made by his opponents.

To those who take the time fairly to study Mr. Scott's life-work, therefore, the reason for his apparent moroseness or lack of affability is easily understood. The wonder is that he could find sufficient time during his waking hours to qualify himself for the

duties he undertook and which he performed with such marked ability. He was never unprepared and his preparedness not only meant a familiarity with the literature of the day, newspaper, magazine, book and periodical, but a sustained knowledge of ancient history in all its bearings upon modern questions, political, religious, economic and social. In this connection I feel disposed to say that I believe Mr. Scott was widely conversant with more subjects than any other man who has taken part in the public affairs of Oregon, and this will probably be universally conceded. Indeed the boundaries of Oregon might be extended to include the Nation itself without bringing to light a very great number of serious competitors in this respect.

And all this is not to be wrought by the idler or the man who is prone to build up a reputation as a "hail fellow well met." To the man who has had to do with a daily newspaper, even of the more unpretentious sort, the value of time down to hours and minutes is a matter of vital importance, and there are many times each day when the editor has not a moment to spare, even with his best friend, from the duties which call for immediate attention. At such a time if a man with an idle hour on his hands drops in for a chat with the editor he is quite likely to meet with a reception strikingly lacking in that effusive cordiality which he thoughtlessly and fondly expected.

In other words the busy editor of a great daily newspaper is necessarily a man who lives much to himself and gradually becomes the companion more of books and exchanges than of his personal friends and acquaintances.

I belong to the "constant reader" class of The Oregonian, having relied upon its news columns for information as to the world's doings and a student of its editorial department for more than 45 years. I remember quite well when Mr. Scott became connected with the paper and the marked improvement in its tone which people generally said was noticeable. Since the spring of 1869, now 41 years ago, I have been a subscriber in my own name of The Oregonian, though at that time I was but 18 years of age.

Aside from his family and his immediate associates and co-workers, I knew Mr. Scott as well as did almost any other man, perhaps, and I desire to bear this testimony to the undoubted fact that he was in great measure misunderstood by the body of the people of Oregon, to whose welfare, material, moral and social, he devoted the best years of his life. He never traveled over the state, seldom visited the state fair, for instance, rarely, if ever, paid a visit to any of the smaller towns of the state, was an entire stranger to most of its interesting localities off the main line of its railroads and was for these reasons not known personally to many of the people. And yet, for all this, he was in close communication with a greater number of the citizens of Oregon every day in the year for a half-century and upon a greater variety of subjects in which they were vitally interested than any other twenty-five men whom the state has produced during that time.

Mr. Scott's aggressiveness was proverbial, for he was in nowise a "mollycoddle." Upon all questions of general concern his opinions were firm and his expression of them were always outspoken. During the many bitter contests that have been waged in this state during the past forty years, Mr. Scott was always on the firing line and the files of The Oregonian during that time bear eloquent witness to his magnificent fighting qualities and, usually, to his superior generalship. On the greater questions of National import he was able by reason of his comprehension of underlying principles, as established by the experience of mankind, to take the right side and his greater claim to fame as a deep thinker and ripe scholar rests upon this fact. He was not to be moved from safe ground, as proven by the expermients and experience of other people, by the clamor of the hour or the mouthings of the demagogue. Here is where Mr. Scott stood as a mighty sentinel for the people's good and, though for a time he might stand alone, he never swerved from an unquestioned loyalty to his convictions. This marked him as a great man among his compeers and both created and sustained his reputation—wide as the Nation—as one of the few great editors of his generation.

In this connection it should be said that in the successful career which Mr. Scott made for himself during fifty years of persistent

endeavor he was very fortunate in his environments, for at the time of his graduation and when he was in search of a vocation, Portland was just beginning to attract attention as the coming chief city of the Northwest, then in its infancy, and The Oregonian was taking its place as the possible and probably leading newspaper of the new country. To this should be added the other favorable circumstances that the paper was directed then and ever since by a business man of unusal sagacity, which fact, taken as a part of the general situation, only lacked a man whose qualification as an able and vigorous editorial writer would complete the demand of the time. A great emergency, if it may be properly termed such, was calling for a man fully prepared to accomplish great things and Mr. Scott, who was but little past his majority and not yet fully settled, appeared as the right man at the right place at the right time. Twenty years later, or ten, or at any time since this would not have been possible, but it must be said of Mr. Scott that he fully met the requirements of the situation then and signally filled the succeeding demands of a great business as it reached out into every section of the Northwest.

From personal conversations with him I know that at times Mr. Scott felt in a sense his would have been a greater fame if his lot had been cast in one of the larger Eastern cities, since he realized through the restricted opportunities presented in a sparsely populated section of the country his efforts through a half-century of persistent application would have been better appreciated had his field included millions of the people instead of thousands. Nevertheless, his attachment to the "Oregon country" was deep as its lovely rivers, high as its majestic mountains and broad as its fertile plains. He was distinctively loyal to its every interest, had an abiding faith in its great future and felt an unbounded admiration for the pioneer men and women who wrested it from the savages and who did so much toward transforming it into the magnificient commonwealth which it is today.

Considering the great work he was doing for the material and moral uplift of the people of the Northwest and that he had at his disposal one of the best newspapers of the United States as a

vehicle for reaching them every day, Mr. Scott's death may be regarded as the deepest affliction which the King of Shadows has wrought upon them as a whole since the days of the intrepid Whitman and the generous McLoughlin. In the very nature of things no one man will ever take his place, for the position he filled in Oregon journalism will never be open to another. There are thousand of native Oregonians of my age or near it who cannot remember anything of importance relating to the history of the state in which Harvey W. Scott was not an active character on the public stage and an influential moulder of public opinion. To us, especcially, his death leaves a void which seems ever present, as the removal of a principal figure in a cherished landscape materially alters and apparently dwarfs every other feature which has hitherto seemed of transcendent beauty.

The name of Harvey W. Scott is writ large in the history of the state he did so much to exploit and after life's fitful fever he has passed on to the land of the Great Unknown. He came from the common people, was the product of early self-denial and persistent industry, was an exponent of the simple life which he illustrated in his daily methods of living, hated cant and mere pretense, was a great student, was a most genial companion when the demands of duty would permit it, conducted a great newspaper which was kept comparatively free from those things which should not be read in the home, and, better than these, he was a kind father and a devoted husband. More than this can rarely be said of any man.

Rev. T. L. Eliot, D. D. was introduced as a longtime intimate friend of Mr. Scott, and well qualified to speak of his religious life and character. Dr. Eliot spoke as follows:

I beg to say that I have taken the privilege of the old workers of not coming with any set speech or any prepared word today. And I am glad that I did not, as it allows me a moment to express for you and for myself our appreciation of the careful and deeply true words that have been prepared and spoken for us by those who have spoken, estimates which we all know will only be amplified and illustrated by the address which is to follow me.

I count it a privilege, my friends, in speaking of Mr. Scott, as I have once before been permitted to do since his death, to speak of what seems to me, and I know must seem to us all when we think carefully, are the real roots of such a man's life and character. If you look out of those windows in front of you, at those wonderful oaks—the chief treasure of this college, greater, even, than its buildings—your thought might first rest upon their outward appearance, or perhaps their situation, thence by a natural sequence as transformed into lumber, or other products, as externally they might interest you. But if you seek their source, you will find it chiefly in this benediction of the sun that is breathing into this room at this moment, this western sky sending its light here upon us all over the autumnal hills, glorifying in this Autumntime our talk about our dear departed friend.

Religion, with Mr. Scott, was a primal interest. We know that by his personal testimony; we know it by the careful, reverent words which he put in print upon the subject; and we know it better than all, if we think carefully and compare lives among us for all men, by that which is within, behind and above, which left its impress upon his work. If the time permitted, I could say this more in detail, I could analyze what we mean and what Mr. Scott would have meant; for humbly, as we would have done, he would have claimed that religion was even his chief interest, and that the religious life rightly interpreted intellectually, or interpreted as he would have done, intellectually and emotionally and in the realm of conscience, is the only foundation of any life worth living, or is likely to turn out of permanent and genuine service to his fellow men.

I might recall for you his utterances at the Thanksgiving service about five or more years ago, that has been put in print, and for those who are interested will be found, I think, an admirable paper, one which would befit at once a great theologian as well as a truly earnest and devoted religious nature. It was an expression from him of what he thought was the permanent, and also what he thought was the transient, among the religious expressions of religion, so-called, in the world. It was a profound utterance, and I commend it to any of you who wish to see and feel that side of his character and life.

Again, about two years ago, I myself being present and calling upon Mr. Scott, without any previous notice, to say a word, the occasion being the funeral of one of the old, faithful and loved members of The Oregonian staff (E. L. Coldwell, whom some of you remember), Mr. Scott arose, and those of us who were there will never forget the tone, the dignity, and, I might say, the inspiration of the utterance that was given. It reflected to my thought the great circumstance of religion: belief in God, belief in immortality; belief in the fundamental moral imperative of life, thought and character. These all, with Mr. Scott, I think, were ineradicable, and stamped themselves—I say again, for those who can truly read between the lines and over the lines of what he said and did—stamped themselves as the source of his being and his services to his fellow men.

I wish I could say something further to express my own sense of the loss to our communities, to our state, and to our country, in Mr. Scott's death. But the time is short and that which is to follow me I am sure will far more adequately than I have done say the truest and best words about our friend.

At this point Mr. Henry L. Pittock, who was seated upon the platform, was introduced to the audience by President Ferrin with the statement that as joint owner and proprietor of The Oregonian, he had been for more than 50 years more intimately associated with Mr. Scott than any other man. By the joint efforts of the two men the great daily newspaper had been built up. Mr. Pittock was absent in Europe at the time of Mr. Scott's death, and had returned only two days before, gratified to be able to attend this service in memory of his long-time friend and associate.

The principal address of the day was delivered by Hon. William D. Fenton, as follows:

Oliver Goldsmith, in his splendid essay upon "Smollett's History of England," says: "When the historian relates events far removed from the age in which he writes, when evidence is become scarce and authorities are rendered doubtful from the obscurities which time has thrown upon them, he ought, above all things, to be careful that his narration be as amply authenticated

as the nature of his researches will allow. Strictly speaking, the eye-witness alone should take upon him to transmit facts to posterity; and as for the historians, the copyists, the annotators, who may follow him, if possessed of no new and genuine materials, instead of strengthening, they will only diminish the authority of their guide, for, in proportion as history removes from the first witnesses, it may recede also from the truth; as by passing through the prejudices or the mistake of subsequent compilers, it will be apt to imbibe what tincture they may choose to give it."

Lord Macaulay, the most profound and accomplished writer of English prose known to modern literature, thus characterizes the work of the historian: "History, it has been said, is philosophy teaching by examples. Unhappily, what the philosophy gains in soundness and depth, the examples generally lose in vividness. A perfect historian must possess an imagination sufficiently powerful to make his narrative affecting and picturesque. Yet he must control it so absolutely as to content himself with the materials which he finds and to refrain from supplying deficiencies by additions of his own. He must be a profound and ingenious reasoner. Yet he must possess sufficient self-command to abstain from casting his facts in the mould of his hypothesis. Those who can justly estimate these almost insuperable difficulties will not think it strange that every writer should have failed, either in the narrative or in the speculative department of history."

Speaking of the greatest of all Latin historians, Tacitus, Macaulay says: "In the delineation of character, Tacitus is unrivaled among historians, and has very few superiors among dramatists and novelists. By delineation of character we do not mean the practice of drawing up epigramatic catalogues of good and bad qualities, and appending them to the names of eminent men. No writer, indeed, has done this more skillfully than Tacitus; but this is not his peculiar glory. All the persons who occupy a large space in his works have an individuality of character which seems to pervade all their words and actions. We know them as if we had lived with them. Claudius, Nero, Otho, both the Agrippinas, are masterpieces. But Tiberius is a still higher miracle of art. The historian undertook to make us intimately

acquainted with a man singularly dark and inscrutable—with a man whose real dispositian long remained swathed up in intricate folds of factitious virtues, and over whose actions the hypocrisy of his youth and the seclusions of his old age threw a singular mystery. He was to exhibit the specious qualities of the tyrant in a light which might render them transparent and enable us at once to perceive the covering and the vices which it concealed. He was to trace the graduations by which the first magistrate of a republic, a Senator mingling freely in debate, a noble association with his brother nobles, was transformed into an Asiatic sultan; he was to exhibit a character distinguished by courage, self-command and profound policy, yet defiled by all

"The extravagancy
And crazy ribaldry of fancy"

He was to mark the gradual effect of advancing age and approaching death, in this strange compound of strength and weakness, to exhibit the old soverign of the world sinking into dotage, which, though it rendered his appetite eccentric and his temper savage, never impaired the powers of his stern and penetrating mind—conscious of failing strength, raging with capricious sensuality, yet, to the last, the keenest of observers, the most artful of dissemblers, and the most terrible of masters. The task was one of extreme difficulty. The execution is almost perfect."

Reference is made to these masters of historical biography to show how delicate the task, how difficult its execution, when one is expected, in the immediate presence of a great life just closed, to trace the birth, development and strength of that life. A barren schedule of a human life that has really achieved distinction, is unattractive and common place. In things common to all mankind, each life is much like every other, and the date of birth, and the hour of departure, each is a mere echo at the chancel rail, and the grave of the same human cry that has penetrated the heart of the world from the beginning. This, in a limited and absolute sense, is personal biography. As such, it is of interest only to the immediate associates, friends and relatives of the departed, and has no general concern with the larger life that leaves an impersonal record and an influence that extends beyond the

times in which it labored, and left its permanent work. This larger life widens its record until it becomes a history of the age in which the subject lived and died. It is in this sense that Emerson has said: "There is properly no history, only biography." And yet, Carlyle has tersely said: "Rich as we are in biography, a well-written life is almost as rare as a well-spent one; and there are certainly many more men whose history deserves to be recorded, than persons able and willing to furnish the record."

It is thus seen that it is a work of importance and usefulness to write the life of any great figure, and to portray the character that has influenced the age in which it was made. To do so effectually, fully and perfectly, is not within the province of this occasion. We can but briefly sum up the general outline of that great figure in whose memory we meet upon these academic grounds, and we must leave to some future date the final estimate that history will record of this man in whose honor these memorial services are held. We cannot relate his achievements or record the difficulties he surmounted, without writing a history of this commonwealth for more than half a century. He was a part of the warp and woof of the rich fabric of our civilization for so long a time that no one can realize that the loom is still and that the weaver has gone beyond the throw of the shuttle—beyond its steady and heavy throb as it flew from his hands, and there came out in the morning a garment to clothe the nakedness of new ideas.

Harvey Whitefield Scott was born in Tazewell County, Illinois, on the first day of February, 1838, when the republic was still young, for it will be remembered that John Adams and Thomas Jefferson had passed away on July 4, 1826—only 12 years before. John Marshall, the great Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, died on July 6, 1835, but a few months over three years before, and his great career was upon the lips of every American. On March 31, 1850, John C. Calhoun passed away, and at that time this country boy was in his 13th year and read in the country papers of his time the eulogy pronounced by Daniel Webster upon the great defender and apostle of Nullification. He was 8 years old when Abraham Lincoln was elected to Congress in 1846, and 20 years of age when the great Lincoln and Douglas debates

electrified the Union and gave new and final strength to the contest that ended human slavery.

It is recorded that his ancestry was of Scotch blood and that in 1755 his forefathers crossed the seas and landed at Charleston, S. C., but his parents were Kentuckians, and his grandparents from Pennsylvania and North Carolina. The spirit of chivalry and industry was united in his blood, and many traits of his character are traceable to his clean and spirited lineage. At the age of 14 he left the state of his birth and came with his parents to Yamhill County, Oregon—traveling the long and arduous Oregon trail across the plains in an ox wagon, and enduring all the hardships and privations of that memorable anabasis of the Oregon pioneer. From that time until his entrance into Pacific University in 1859, he had the usual experiences of country life in Oregon and Washington at that time and became inured to privations that gave him his magnificent figure and physique, and implanted that courage which, in times of stress over great questions, never failed him. He was farmhand, day laborer, axman, school teacher, Indian fighter, logger and student before his matriculation with this university, which he loved and honored all his life. The fact that Harvey W. Scott was the first graduate of Pacific University in 1863 illustrates how young, as a state, we are in educational work and in all the great agencies of our civilization. Like many other college men in the West, he left the quiet of the classroom for the rough realities of frontier life, and for something like 12 months he was a miner and laborer in Idaho, and in 1864, about 46 years ago, he was librarian of the Portland Library —hungering for the companionship of books, those silent companions who never desert or abandon their friends and in whose association he passed the happiest hours of his long and eventful life. It was during this period that he read law under the tutelage and guidance of Erasmus D. Shattuck, who had been a member of the constitutional convention and who was for many years a Justice of the Supreme Court of the state and also one of the great *nisi prius* judges. While reading law and acting as librarian he became an editorial writer in 1865 on The Oregonian and was continuously its editor from that date until his death, excepting a period of four and a half years from October, 1872, to April, 1877.

Oregon was admitted into the Union on the 14th day of February, 1859, and in this year the family settled on a farm three miles from Forest Grove, but this ambitious young man walked from Olympia, Wash., in 1857, to become a student in Pacific University, at the age of 19. He was able to continue in school but a few months, when he was compelled to discontinue his school work to find employment on the farm for self support, and it was not until 1859 that he really entered upon a college course. He worked for wages during vacation and at odd times, as a laborer, to earn the small sums of money needed to pay his expenses while in the university. Here, at this seat of learning, the foundation of his great scholarship was laid, and here he became as familiar with Virgil, The Iliad and the Odyssey, in the original tongues, as if they had been written in his own. As we have seen, he came to the editorial chair of The Oregonian in May, 1865, when he was only 27 years of age. It must be remembered that the first number of The Oregonian was published on December 4th, 1850, and at that time the future editor was only 12 years old—a mere lad, strolling over the prairies of Illinois—the sun of a pioneer of that state, already listening to the voice of Senators Lewis F. Linn and Thomas H. Benton, of Missouri, and who had secured the enactment of the Donation Land law of September 27, 1850. The land of the setting sun lay nearly 3000 miles to the westward,and men who had settled upon the prairies of Illinois and Missouri, fired by the migratory blood in their veins, were already planning to make that remarkable journey across desert, plain and mountain, to build the great commonwealth. At that time the great Oregon country had a population, as shown by the Federal census, of only 13,294, and this was widely scattered over that vast region lying West of the Rocky Mountains and extending to the Pacific Ocean, with California just admitted on September 9, 1850, as a state, on the south, and British North America on the north.

A few months after he became an editorial writer, and in October, 1865, he was married to Elizabeth Nicklin, who died in 1875, leaving two children, John W. Scott, now living, and Kenneth, who died in infancy. In 1876 he married Margaret McChes-

ney, at Latrobe, Pa., who now survivies him, with their three children, now adults, Leslie M., Ambrose B. and Judith M. Scott.

In October, 1872, he was appointed by President Grant to the important office of Collector of Customs for the District of Oregon, and this office he filled for five years. In 1866 he was temporary secretary of the state convention of the Union party, and in 1876 he was a delegate to the Republican National convention at Cincinnatti, which nominated Rutherford B. Hayes for President of the United States. He was delegate to the Republican National Convention in 1880, which nominated James A. Garfield for President. He was not much inclined to public office or position, and it was with great reluctance and after great pressure from his friends, that he consented, in January, 1903, to become a candidate for the great office of United States Senator from Oregon, and his name was submitted to the Legislative Assembly of that year, for that office, but Charles W. Fulton was chosen.

Harvey W. Scott was in no sense a politician. He could do a great and successful work along political lines, for others, but was powerless to advocate his own cause. This was no fault, but in a great sense a virtue. True greatness does not consist in self exploitation, or in beating the bushes for popular applause. His nature did not permit him to pose as a matchless leader, shifty and skillful, to hear the shouts of temporary and passing underlings, and quick to place a willing and anxious ear to the ground so that he might hear the noise of approaching popular battalions. He was rather the party sentinel, standing on the breastworks, armed and anxious, to announce the approaching foe and give alarm to those who would lead a great party against its adversary. He saw in the distance the preparation of his political opponent—he had no heart or skill to lead factional contests within his party or to bring contending factions under his leadership. He could lead a battle for a principle, and in doing so his trenchant pen never failed him. In 1896 when the financial question was a great national issue, and when it seemed as if the friends of the free and unlimited coinage of silver would elect William J. Bryan to the presidency, this wonderful man was at the height of his great editorial career. No man ever defended the cause of his party and

the cause of his country as he did during that long, close and bitter struggle. When other men, both within and without his party, were trifling with convictions, or were deserting the cause of sound finance because it seemed unpopular, he was putting the work of his life—all the learning and ability he had—into that cause. At this distance, 14 years away, no man can describe the intensity of that contest. Political parties were broken into pieces and political forces were realigned and lifetime associations were dissolved. The rancor and fury of that contest still remain, but out of it all, and above it all, there is one name that is resplendent with the glory of victory. Oregon was the only state west of the Rocky Mountains that cast its vote against Mr. Bryan, and the credit of his failure in Oregon is chiefly due to the splendid and fearless work of Harvey Whitefield Scott.

While he was easily the greatest editorial writer in the United States at the time of his death at Baltimore, on the 7th day of August, 1910—and this is his permanent claim to fame—he was always willing to do his part in the civic life of the city and state. He was a member of the Portland water committee that was instrumental in bringing to the City of Portland the pure water of Mount Hood. He was a member of the State Text Book Commission, and had a large part in the selection of the text books for use in the common schools of the state. In 1904 he was president of the Lewis and Clark Exposition, but declined re-election in 1905. He was an active member of the Board of Trustees of Pacific University and president of the board at his death. He was at one time president of the Oregon Historical Society and he was fond of the pioneer history of his state. He never forgot the men and women who came as pioneers to Oregon. He had shared their hardships and privations, and as a boy of 17 had carried a rifle as a private soldier in Colonel Shaw's militia company, in the Indian wars of 1855, to protect and defend the cabins of these early settlers.

On Sunday, the 14th day of August, 1910, in the great city he had seen grow from a small village to a metropolis, he was borne by loving hands amid a great concourse of people to his last resting place—River View Cemetery.

And what of this man? What were the strong lines upon which he builded character? Physically he was a man of splendid proportions, magnificent presence, strong and courageous face, and massive head. He was diffident, somewhat blunt and direct in manner, and disinclined to mingle freely with his fellows. He had lived much of his life in the study and surrounded by his intimate associates. His early life was passed in the fields, the forest, and the freedom of a sparsely settled country. His student life was singularly free from the diversions that attend modern university life. He had no opportunity for anything besides hard manual labor and severe mental discipline. This, indeed, gave color and scheme to his whole career. Goethe has well said: "Talents are best nurtured in solitude; character is best formed in the stormy billows of the world." He was the most remarkable English scholar this state has produced. His knowledge of the English classics was absolute. He thought as Shakespeare and Milton wrote and every hedgerow of England was his playground. Nor did his knowledge of English literature limit his other great achievements. The Latin masterpieces were his pastime. His trenchant style was the product of his early study of the great masters of English prose. Macauley and Burke, Addison and Goldsmith were to him the choicest companions. He never tired of that great masterpiece of Edmund Burke, delivered in 1780, at Guildhall, in Bristol, and as he contemplated the clatter and noise of the demagogue of our modern times he could say with Burke: "No, the charges against me are all of one kind; that I have pushed the principles of general justice and benevolence too far—further than a cautious policy would warrant, and further than the opinions of many would go along with me. In every accident which may happen through life, in pain and sorrow, in depression and distress, I will call to mind this accusation and be comforted." It has been said of him that he was intolerant of the opinion of others, but his intolerance was that of a man who looked above and beyond the petty jealousies and clamors of the hour. He was conscious of his power and strength, and used both to demolish error or defend established principles of government. He was not a mere mercenary, giving of his brain and life that he might lead the popular craze of the hour. He was

a writer of the old and better school of journalism, free from catchword and self-righteousness. He had profound and abiding faith in the stability of our institutions, and steadily held to the landmarks of experience. His death at this time of social and economic unrest is a public calamity. Such men are needed to guide, steady and direct the future, and to such men the future must appeal, to restate and re-enforce the elemental truths of popular government —equal and exact justice to all, and special privileges to none. Justice that does not preach destruction of the fruits of sobriety, industry and thrift, but protects those who have struggled through poverty, like him, to become useful factors in our complex civilization. Special privileges to none—in the sense that all men are equal before the law—and all agencies created by that law shall be held under just control, without hypocrisy or clamor and without injustice or revolution.

As a scholar he was without any superior, as a writer without a successor, and as the product of our pioneer life he had few if any equals in all that makes life and character valuable.

It is not necessary to speak of the sweetness and purity of his private life—of the endearment of home or of the fellowship of those who were close to him. He was all that any man should be in all these close and sacred relations. Robert C. Winthrop has well said:

"The noblest contribution which any man can make for the benefit of posterity is that of a good character. The richest bequest which any man can leave to the youth of his native land is that of a shining, spotless example."

In his last years he was much given to revery and reflection, as is usual with men who have lived to some purpose. His views were steady and strong and settled, but somewhat softened, and held with larger charity because better understood and more generally accepted. In these days of jetsam and flotsam—in public life—he saw the emptiness of much that is said and more that is done, and the littleness of the pygmies that sometimes struggle over place and power—and it was only when driven that his great editorials rang out like a call to battle. But he has fought his last

fight, he has answered the last roll call, he has written his last burning sentence. He was ready to lay down his armor, but his state was not ready to see him leave the battlefield, and as he saw the precious moments go, when the summons came, his tired and weary heart gave voice to the beautiful words of John Greenleaf Whittier:

"That death seems but a covered way,
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight."

Mrs. Pauline Miller-Chapman rendered very effectively and in splendid voice Abt's beautiful composition, "God's Promise," and the audience was dismissed with the benediction by Rev. T. L. Eliot.

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